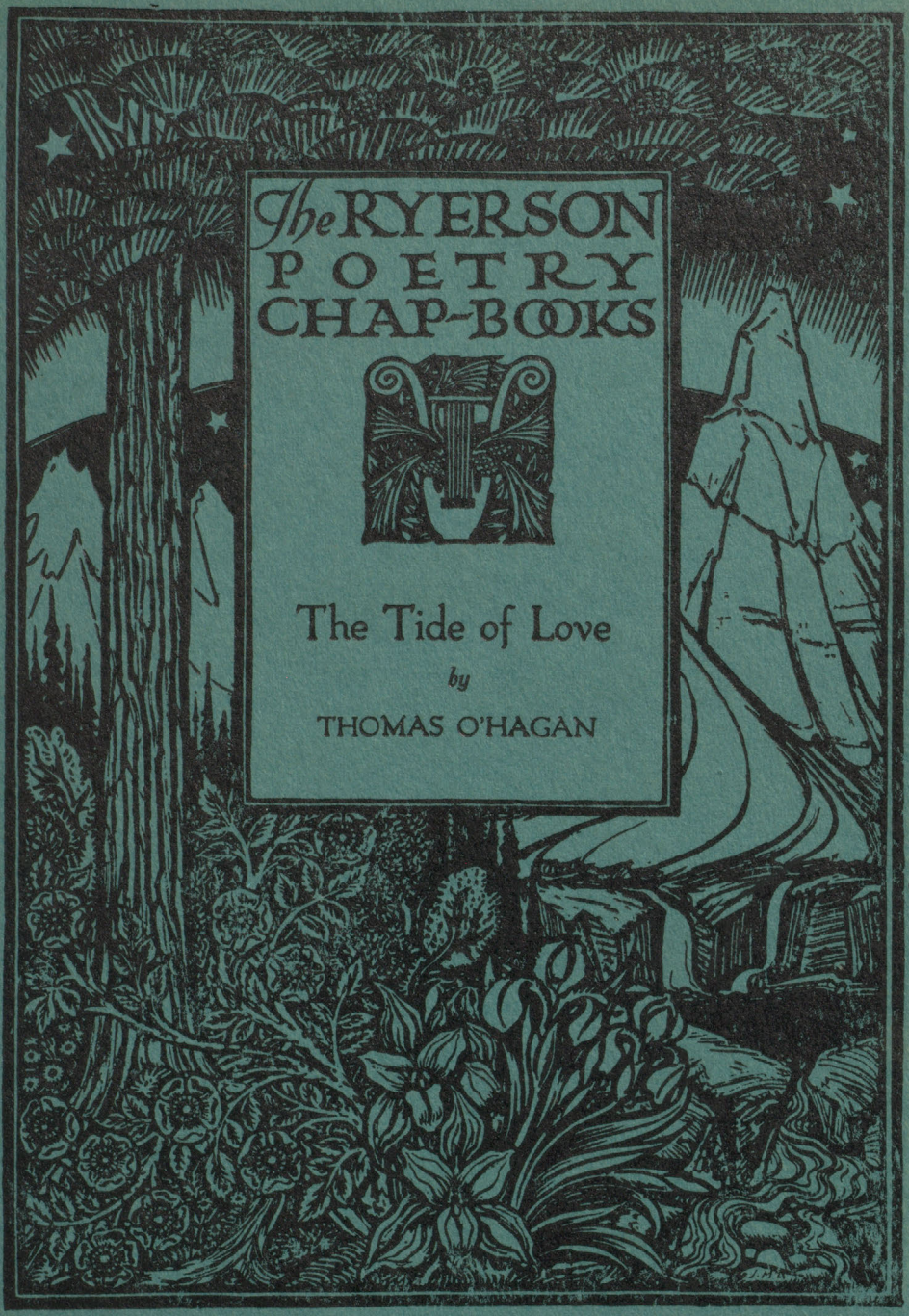
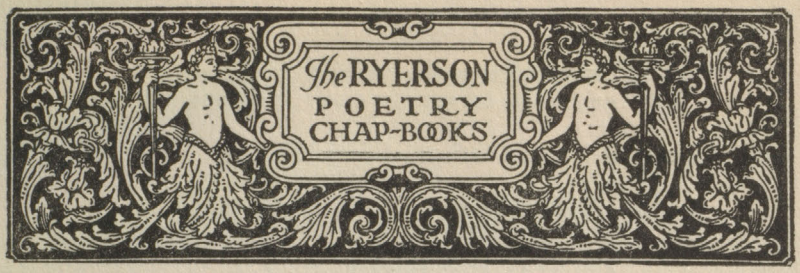

The RYERSON
POETRY
CHAP-BOOKS
The Tide of Love
by
THOMAS O'HAGAN

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Dr. Thomas O'Hagan was born near Toronto, Canada, and received his early education in the Public School, at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and Ottawa University. His advanced studies were pursued in the United States and Europe. He is the author of five volumes of verse: *A Gate of Flowers; Songs of the Settlement; In the Heart of the Meadow;* and *Songs of Heroic Days*. Some of Dr. O'Hagan's early poems were translated into French in Paris. His poetic work is represented in important anthologies such as Dr. Rand's *Treasury of Canadian Verse;* Mr. Caswell's *Canadian Singers and Their Songs;* Joyce Kilmer's *Dreams and Images;* Dr. Thomas Walsh's *Catholic Anthology*, and Miss Alice Cooper's *Poems of Youth.* Dr. O'Hagan resides at present in Toronto. For further data as to our author's life and literary work see *An Outline of Canadian Literature*, by Lorne Pierce (Ryerson Press).

[32]
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The Tide of Love

By Thomas O'Hagan

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THE TIDE OF LOVE

THE tide of love is a tide of the sea,
Measureless, infinite, royal and free;
It sways on its crest the soul of man,
And has lash'd life's sea since the world began:
Out of its mystery poets are born;
Link'd to its chain is sorrow and scorn;
It seeks the shores of returning love,
Then welcomes the light of each star above.

The tide of love is a despot kind;
It frees the soul though its fetters bind;
Its dawn is a spark of the infinite soul;
Its waves are the passions that shoreward roll;
It greets the mystery of sun and star;
It carries our dreams beyond life's bar;
Out of its heart, in an infinite plan,
God fashions all life in the soul of Man.

WE'RE ALL CANADIANS

WE are brothers to the mountains and the sea;
The prairies are our playground wide and free;
Our birthright is a nation, fashioned by God's hand,
And the charter of our freedom is the aegis of our land—
For we 're all Canadians!

Latin, Saxon, Celt and Norman—let each reign;
Plant each seed of racial splendor—sift the grain;
In the furrows traced by time
Ours will be a race sublime—
For we 're all Canadians!

Light of star shall guide our barque
Through the mazes of the dark;
And the sun shall kiss our sails in the morn
As we put to port, a Nation newly born—
For we 're all Canadians!

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THE GARDEN OF ST. ALPHONSUS

WHERE slope the fields to catch the noonday sun,
And Beauty crowns the landscape from afar,
The river's mystic tide sweeps on, in dream,
Reflecting tree and cloud and moon and star.

Here stands St. Mary's, with its cross-crowned tower,
Beckoning to souls—to pilgrims on life's way;
Rich in the things of God—a garden sweet,
Fragrant with flowers of beauteous, smiling May.

A seed from Scala bursts its petals bright,
With breath and color of Amalfi's Bay;
Under our fair and chaste Canadian skies,
It drinks the dews of Faith thro' night and day.

And writ across this garden tended well,
Where Sacrifice has reared an Altar bright,
The living word that crowns all Mission Work,
REDEMPTOR—the world's great hope and light.

St. Mary's College, Brockville, Ont.

THE SILENT LISTS

Sir Wilfred Laurier

ALL is silent in the lists;
Nor shock of steed, nor clash of brand;
Nor splintering spear, nor battle-axe;
Nor largess showered from lady's hand.
In the dim aisles, where kneel the Knights,
The Cross shines dark in mystic gloom;
And as the clouds of incense rise
A light shines o'er the Warrior's tomb.

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THE CHRIST-CHILD

ACROSS the waste, across the snow,
O the pity! O the pity!
Past sentinel of friend and foe
O the pity! O the pity!
Comes the Christ-Child clad in white,
Through the storm-clouds of the night,
Bearing in His lily hands
Gift of peace to warring lands.
O the pity! O the pity!

"*Adeste fideles!*" sing the choirs,
O the pity! O the pity!
Lurid flame the battle fires,
O the pity! O the pity!
Shepherds hear the heavenly song,
'Mid the strife and piteous wrong;
Peace on earth, but not of men,
Peace that knows not crime nor sin.
O the pity! O the pity!

Lay your sceptres at his feet;
O the pity! O the pity!
Christ, the Babe of Bethelehem, greet.
O the pity! O the pity!
Legions stretched in battle line
Saw the star and knew the sign,
Yet forgot that Christ was born,
Prince of Peace, on Christmas Morn.
O the pity! O the pity!

Christmas, 1914.

IN THE HEART OF THE MEADOW

IN the heart of the meadow, where Love abides,
And rules his Court as a sceptr'd King,
Green-clad Knights, with dewdrop helmets,
Pledge their faith and roundly sing:
"Honor to him, our liege lord King,
Who rules the air and the land and the sea;
His throne rests not on the arms of Empire,
But the hearts of his subjects so true and free!"

In the heart of the meadow, where Love abides,
Are royal courts and royal halls,
And the gates are open and the bars descend not,
As the warders sing on the outer walls:
"Honor to him, our liege lord King,
Who rules the air and the land and the sea;
His throne rests not on the arms of Empire,
But the hearts of his subjects so true and free!"

In the heart of the meadow, where Love abides,
Time fills the hours with a magic glass;
For there is no dreaming and there is no seeming,
Where the world is singing and the King will pass:
"Honor to him, our liege lord King,
Who rules the air and the land and the sea;
His throne rests not on the arms of Empire,
But the hearts of his subjects so true and free!"

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THE DREAMER

MEN call me dreamer—what care I?
The cradle of my heart is rocked;
I dwell in realms beyond the earth;
The gold I mint is never locked.

Men call me dreamer—this, forsooth,
Because I spurn each thing of dross,
And count the step that leads not up
A useless toil, a round of loss.

Men call me dreamer—nay, that word
  Hath burned its way from age to age;
Its light shone o'er Judea's hills
  And thrilled the heart of seer and sage.

Men call me dreamer—yet forget
  The dreamer lives a thousand years;
While those whose hearts and hands knead clay
  Live not beyond their dusty biers.

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THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS

O SWEET unto my heart is the song my mother sings
As eventide is brooding on its dark and noiseless wings;
Every note is charged with memory—every memory bright with rays
Of the golden hours of promise in the lap of childhood's days;
The orchard blooms anew and each blossom scents the way,
And I feel again the breath of eve among the new-mown hay;
While through the halls of memory in happy notes there rings
All the life-joy of the past in the song my mother sings.

I have listened to the dreamy notes of Chopin and of Liszt,
As they dripp'd and droop'd about my heart and filled my eyes with mist;
I have wept strong tears of pathos 'neath the spell of Verdi's power,
As I heard the tenor voice of grief from out the donjon tower;
And Gounod's oratorios are full of notes sublime
That stir the heart with rapture thro' the sacred pulse of time;
But all the music of the past and the wealth that memory brings
Seems as nothing when I listen to the song my mother sings.

It's a song of love and triumph, it's a song of toil and care;
It is filled with chords of pathos and it's set in notes of prayer;
It is bright with dreams and visions of the days that are to be,
And as strong in faith's devotion as the heart-beat of the sea;
It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices from above,
And is starr'd with ripest blessing thro' a mother's sacred love.
Oh, sweet and strong and tender are the memories that it brings,
As I list in joy and rapture to the song my mother sings.

A SONG OF CANADIAN RIVERS

FLOW on, noble rivers! flow on! flow on!
In your beauteous course to the sea;
Sweep on, noble rivers! sweep on! sweep on!
Bright emblems of true liberty!
Roll noiselessly on a tide of bright song,
Roll happily, grandly and free;
Sweep over each plain in silv'ry-tongued strain,
Sweep down to the deep-sounding sea!

Flow on, noble rivers! flow on! flow on!
Flow swiftly and smoothly and free;
Chant loudly and grand the notes of our land—
Fair Canada's true minstrelsy;
Roll joyously on, sweep proudly along
In mirthfullest accents of glee!
Flow on, noble rivers! flow on! flow on!
Flow down to the deep-sounding sea!

Flow on! sweep on! sweep on! flow on!
In a measureless, mystical key;
Each note that you wake on streamlet and lake
Will blend with the song of the sea.
Through labyrinth-clad dell, in dreamy-like spell,
Where slumbers each sentinel tree;
Flow on, noble rivers! flow on! flow on!
Flow down to the deep-sounding sea!

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NOVEMBER

CHILL-CLAD, cold November,
Autumn's drooping head;
Weeping skies, psalm-like sighs,
Nature's cold, cold bed.

Dead leaves fall before me—
Hopes of summer dreams;
Naked boughs, broken vows,
Mirror'd in bright streams.

Tatter'd robes of glory,
Trampled by the wind;
Faded rays, faded days,
Floating through the mind.

Days of gloom and sadness,
Hours of sacred care;
Lonely biers, bitter tears,
Hearts in silent prayer.

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RIPENED FRUIT

I KNOW not what my heart has lost;
I cannot strike the chords of old;
The breath that charmed my morning life
Hath chilled each leaf within the wold.

The swallows twitter in the sky,
But bare the nest beneath the eaves;
The fledglings of my care are gone,
And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet, I know my life hath strength,
And firmer hope and sweeter prayer;
For leaves that murmur on the ground
Have now for me a double care.

I see in them the hope of spring,
That erst did plan the autumn day;
I see in them each gift of man
Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

Not all is lost—the fruit remains
That ripened through the summer's ray;
The nurslings of the nest are gone,
Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

The glory of the summer sky
May change to tints of autumn hue;
But faith that sheds its amber light
Will lend our heaven a tender blue.

O altar of eternal youth!
O faith that beckons from afar,
Give to our lives a blossomed fruit—
Give to our morns an evening star!

JUNE

JUNE! sweet month of hallow'd thought,
Binding our souls to Him whose Sacred Heart
Encompassed in wide love life's chiefest part;
Nor deemed the guerdon of our souls too dearly bought,
As with His Blood He sealed the Faith He taught:
Filling the garden of our lives with flowers so rare
That breathe the fragrance of His holy care,
With toil inwoven and with prayer enwrought.

Now in each garden bleeds the sweet-lipp'd rose,
Type of the mystery of that Heart Divine
Whose gift of love gave life to man,
And water changed at Cana's feast to wine.
Sweet miracle of grace when our new year began
That planted in life's garden a flower for all our woes.

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IN GOD'S TEMPLE

GOD'S love encompasses us around
Like fragrant breath of summer sea,
Filling our hearts with joyous stars
Set in their deep immensity.
The Altar of our prayer and hope
Slopes thro' the darkness, bright, sublime;
The beads we tell are decades dropt
Into the hands of ripening time.

We count our lives by deeds, not years,
And hold converse with all save sin;
For day is bright and night is bright
To him who hath true light within.
God's love encompasses us around
In desert wild, on stormy sea;
The magnet of His care we feel
Drawing athwart Eternity!

759158

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